

DAN REID'S SECRET HIDE-OUT

DELL
PUBLICATIONS

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the Lone Ranger





Indian canoes varied in size and complexity. Birch-bark canoes that glided across the Great Lakes and bullboats that crossed the Missouri were the simplest.



The bullboat was a round, tub-shaped canoe, made by stretching buffalo skin over a circular wooden frame, work.



The giant war canoes of the northwestern tribes were the most elaborate and interesting. A war party could be carried in one of these canoes.

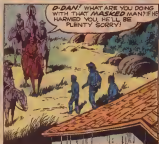
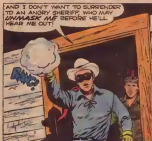


It was used by the Plains tribes, such as the Mandan and Arikara for ferrying across rivers. Trips up or down the long rivers were made on horseback.



The northwestern Haida tribe built one of the most elaborate war canoes. These ocean-going canoes were made out of a single log sixty to seventy feet long.

The high bow and stern bore fierce carvings. In these giant canoes, savvy braves could paddle hundreds of miles down the northwest coastline.



THEY'RE MY FRIENDS, SHERIFF! AND THEY'RE ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW! MAYBE THIS SILVER BULLET!

---JOSHAPHAT! IT IS SILVER!



THEN YOU MUST BE---

---I'M CERTAIN YOU REALIZE WHO I AM, SHERIFF! NOW PERHAPS, YOU'LL TELL US WHY YOU OPENED FIRE SO QUICKLY!



LATER---

LIKE I SAID--THAT GANG OF FIVE STAGE ROBBERS NEVER LEAVES A TRAIL! THEY ALWAYS HEAD TOWARD THE OLD FRISBY PLACE AND THEN WE LOSE THEIR TRACKS! THAT'S WHY WE BLAZED AWAY WHEN WE SAW YOUR MASK THERE!



WE'LL BE CAMPING NEAR THE FRISBY CABIN, SHERIFF, AND WE'LL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THAT GANG!



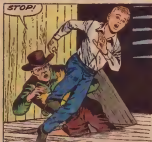
AT MIDNIGHT ALL IS QUIET IN THE DESERTED CABIN---











AND AS THE LOVE RANGER AND TONTO WONDER WHERE DAN IS...

...THAT'S FUNNY...

THE TRAP DOOR IS AIRTIGHT, BUT THERE MUST BE AIR COMING IN HERE FROM SOMEWHERE SO THIS FLAME CAN BURN!



YES! THERE'S A DRAUGHT! ...NOW TO SEE WHERE IT COMES FROM!



I'LL BET GRANDMA FRISBY PUT IN THIS PIPE TO LEAD TO THE AIR ABOVE THE GROUND! ...MAYBE IF I BURN SOME OF THE ROPE AND RAGS THAT ARE DOWN HERE, MY UNCLE OR TONTO WILL SEE THE SMOKE!



MOMENTS LATER...

KEMO SABAY, SMOKE THERE!

...STAY HERE TONTO! I'LL SEE WHERE IT'S COMING FROM!



AND AS THE LOVE RANGER FINDS THE FIRE END HE CALLS DOWN SOFTLY: DAN ANSWERS, TELLING WHAT HAPPENED...

SECURE THE TRAP DOOR! STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DAN! IT'S ONLY TWO FEET DOWN ...I'LL DIE TO YOU!



SECONDS LATER...

NOW, TONTO! KEEP THEM BUSY!

BANG! BLAM!



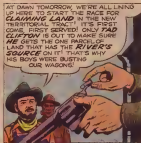




DAM, YOU PICKED THE RIGHT TIME FOR A SENTIMENTAL VISIT AND YOU SURE BROUGHT THE RIGHT COMPANY WITH YOU... THE LONE RANGERS!

WELL, SILVER! AWAY!





AND IF CLIFTON
FELLER GOT
RIVER TRACT...

...WE'LL ALL OWN A LOT
OF DRY WATERLESS
LAND WE'LL NOT BE ABLE
TO FARM UNLESS WE PAY
CLIFTON **WHATEVER**
PRICE HE ASKS FOR
THE WATER!



WESSE ONE OF YOU
REACH RIVER LAND
FIRST!

WE WERE COUNTING
ON THAT! WE ALL
AGREED... ALL **BUT**
CLIFTON... THAT WHOEVER
CLAIMED THE RIVER TRACT
WOULD SUPPLY THE REST
OF US WITH **FREE**
WATER!



BUT CLIFTON **ISN'T**
TAKING CHANCES!
BESIDES HIRING GUN-
FIGHTERS, HE'S GOT
THAT **EASTERN**
JOCKEY TO RIDE
FOR HIM TOMORROW!

THAT FELLER
PLENTY LIGHT!



HE'S THE **TOP** RIDER BACK
EAST! BECKON THEY'RE
GOING TO GET THE HORSE
WE HEARD CLIFTON WAS
HAVING SHIPPED FROM
THE EAST!



JEROSHAPHAT!
DO YOU SEE
THAT CRITTER...

YES! THAT'S **LUCKY BOY!** THE
BIGGEST MONEY WINNING RACING
THOROUGHBRED IN THE EAST!
WHAT HORSE OF OURS COULD BEAT
THAT **WINNER!**



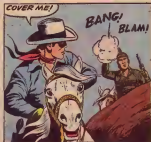












AND SOON THE GREAT WHITE STALLION
MAKES HIS BID....



THE RIVER'S NOT
FAR, SILVER! WE MUST
TAKE HIM NOW!



UP! BIG FELLOW!

TH-THAT WHITE HORSE IS
OUTPACING LUCKY BOY!



THIS WILL SLOW
HIM UP!



NEIGH!





FOOT BY FOOT, THE VALIANT STALLION GAINS ON THE THOROUGHBRED UNTIL, AS THE RIVER LOOKS JUST AHEAD...



REIN IN!...YOU'RE TRESPASSING!



MOMENTS LATER, GUNS BLAZE...





THE TERROR

COVER BY BOB COLE. BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY & JAMES COLE

The big sign outside the shack read—
TOUR THROUGH NATURE'S WONDERS!
GUIDE SERVICES OF MALCOLM PAYNE,
FORMER LAWMAN, CALLED THE "TERROR
OF THE BADMEN!"

"Terror of the Badmen," muttered Malcolm Payne wistfully. "Good advertising, maybe. But those days are gone forever. All I'm good for now is guiding folks on a sight-seeing tour through the scenic badlands."

Sighing, he limped to the road. It was his bad knee, smashed by bullets in the showdown with the Pecos Gang, that had forced him to retire.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road, "First tourists today."

Four men came riding fast, reining up. "Guide tour, gents? Only \$5 apiece."

"Yeh, we'll take your tour," laughed one man harshly. "And hurry or you get paid off in this!"

Payne looked down the wrong end of a six-gun.

"The Gulch Gang!" choked Payne, recognizing the bandit chief, Gus Galton, from the posters. The ex-sheriff instinctively reached for a gun at his hip . . . which wasn't there. Peaceful guides didn't carry guns.

"We have to hide out from the law," informed Galton, squinting anxiously down the road. "We figured the badlands was a good hiding place. You can guide us to the best spot. On your horse."

Payne limped to his horse and mounted. What else could he do?

"How!" roared Galton, seeing the sign. "Terror of the Badmen, eh? Well, get going, Terror!"

Payne's ears burned at the chorus of sarcastic laughter from the gang. In the old days, they would have turned sick, facing his lightning draw and dead aim. Now he was the butt of jokes, forced to help outlaws escape capture.

Payne burned with helpless shame.

"Lead us to the wildest part of the badlands," demanded Galton, "where the law will never find us. Sonny, Terror?"

They rubbed the name in again and again, as Payne led them under the great Stone Bridge, in bitter silence.

"Give us your spiel, Terror," prodded Galton maliciously. "After all, we're gonna pay you off for this guide tour . . . is hat lead!"

Payne was forced to tell them about the majestic geological wonders. The Bottomless Chasm, the Petrified Trees, the Pointed Canyon, the Golden River, and the giant Stone Indian.

"We're tired of this, Terror," growled Galton finally. "Where do we hide out?"

"Over there," pointed Payne, "in Devil's Gorge, with a thousand caves. But first, we pass Old Hide-and-Seek, the geyser."

"Where is it?" asked Galton, looking around blankly.

"Right here," said Payne looking at his watch. "It steams up every six minutes . . . and it's due right now!"

Without warning, steady fumes suddenly hissed out of vents in the stony ground. Payne was already spurring his horse out of range, but the bandits were caught by surprise, yelping in pain. Their frightened horses balked, flinging off their riders. The dozed men struggled to their feet and ran away from the vents before the full fury of the geyser scolded them alive.

Meanwhile, Payne had dismounted to snatch up a gun that had skidded across the stone, when one bandit was thrown.

Payne straightened up slowly, facing the four men. The gun was in his belt. "All right," he invited quietly, as the geyser's roar died down, "draw!"

Galton winked at the man nearest him. They both drew at once. Payne's gun leaped magically into his hand, barking twice. Both bandit guns spun away. Shuddering, the other two men grabbed sky.

"We'll go quietly, Payne!"

"Don't call me that on the way back, to meet the posse," said the ex-sheriff, grinning from the bottom of his soul. "The name's Terror. Remember?"

YOUNG HAWK

PULL,
LITTLE BUCK!

IT'S NO USE,
YOUNG HAWK---UGH!
TOO---HEAVY! UGH!

WAGGED ON THE BEACH OF A
SMALL ISLAND OFF THE TIP OF
FLORIDA, THEIR BUGGUT SAIL-
ING CANOE RESISTS THE YOUNG
MEN'S EFFORTS TO PULL IT
TO SAFETY.













SUDDENLY A FEW LARGER SPARKS BLOW AGAINST TUMBLEWEED'S FLANK, INTERRUPTING HIS REARMS.







FOR THREE DAYS THEY DRIVE SOUTHWARD IN A HALF CIRCLE, SWIFT ALONG BY THE STORM, BUT HELD FROM CAPSIZING BY THE TREETOP, WHICH ACTS AS A SEA ANCHOR.



AND THEN, AS THE STORM DIES--
THE TIP OF YUCATAN!

LAND!
LAND!



WE CAN REACH
IT BEFORE NIGHT--
WITH THE SAIL!



BUT, LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AIMING FOR A BEACH, THE CANOE STRIKES A HIDDEN ROCK, IN THE TROUGH OF A WAVE.



THE NEXT WAVE PICKS IT UP--
AND HURLS IT ASHORE, A WRECK!



GEEFOW!

SHUT! DON'T CRY, LITTLE
MAN! NONE OF US ARE
ARE HURT...

THE CANOE IS FAST MENDING,
BUT IF WE HAD TO BE SHIP-
WRECKED, I'M HAPPY THE
FATES CHOSE THIS ISLAND
FOR US--IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL!

The American Badger



The fastest digging animal in the United States is the American Badger. He can excavate a hole in better time than the mole or pocket gopher. Using all four feet, he is capable of burrowing underground in a few seconds. Indeed, the badger must make good use of his powerful claws, pursuing the ground squirrel, or escaping larger animals such as the coyote.

Preferring the open country of plains and deserts, the American Badger makes his home in a well-lined den, four or five feet beneath the ground.

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